



## GRAM COURSE NO. 4: BATHYMETRY

Continuing our series of pre-final exam cram courses, today we take up bathymetry—the study of ocean depths.

Admittedly, this is not a terribly popular course on most campuses. And small wonder. In the whole world there is only one bathyscape, and only two people can get into it.

Nevertheless, the study of ocean depths is of great importance. Why, do you realize that the ocean is by far the world's largest biological environment? The ocean has more than three hundred times as much living room as all the continents and islands combined! Unfortunately, only fishes live in it.

And small wonder. Who'd want to live some place where he couldn't smoke? Surely not I! I wouldn't give up my good Marlboro Cigarettes for the Atlantic and the Pacific put together. Nothing could induce me to forego Marlboro's fine mellow flavor, Marlboro's clean white filter, Marlboro's flip-top box that really flips, Marlboro's soft pack that's really soft. Let others repair to the spacious deeps. Me, I will stick with my Marlboro and the tiny garnet I share with a tyrannosauk.

But I digress. Back to the ocean. The largest, as we know, is the Pacific, which was discovered by Balboa, a Spaniard of great vision. To give you an idea of Balboa's vision, he first saw the Pacific while standing on a peak in Darien, which is in Connecticut.

Even more astounding, when Balboa reached San Francisco, he clearly saw the Hawaiian Islands! Being, as we know, a friendly cuss, Balboa waved merrily to the Hawaiians and shouted, "Great little ocean you got here, kids!" The Hawaiians, also, as we know, friendly cusses, waved back, declared a hall holiday, organized a lapa, built a cherry fire over which they prepared several gallons of poi, a stacking pig, and Captain Cook. This, of course, was the origin of Cooking.



*Who'd want to live there?*

But I digress. The Pacific, I say, is the largest ocean and also the deepest. The Mindanao Trench, off the Philippines, measures more than 5,000 fathoms in depth. (It should be pointed out here that ocean depths are measured in fathoms—lengths of six feet—after Sir Walter Fathom, a noted British sea measurer of the seventeenth century who, upon his twenty-first birthday, was given a string six feet long with which he used to go scampering all over England measuring sea water until he was arrested for loitering. A passion for measuring seems to have run in the family; Fathom's cousin, Sir Sai Furlong, spent all his waking hours measuring race tracks until Charles II had him beheaded in honor of the opening of the London School of Knackeries.)

But I digress. Let us, as the poet Maelfield said, go down to the seas again. (The seas, incidentally, have ever been a favorite subject for poets and composers.) Who does not remember Tennyson's "Break, break, break"? Or Byron's "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll"? Or the many hearty sea chanteys that have enriched our folk music—songs like "Sailing Through Kansas" and "I'd Swab Your Deck If You'd Swab Mine" and "The Artificial Respiration Polka." My own favorite sea chanty goes like this:

*A girl found a sailor and he did jilt her,  
And she did cry and run her  
Until she found a perfect filter  
And a perfect smoke—Marlboro!  
Sing hey, sing ho, sing ring-a-ding-ding,  
Sing turn and spurs and patches,  
Sing pack and box and lads to like,  
And don't forget the catches!*

© 1961 Leo Burnett

*The hardheaded makers of Marlboro wish you smooth sailing through your final exams and smooth smoking—with Marlboro, of course. Have YOU settled back with a Marlboro lately?*

